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No. 166.

PECK VS. PECK

A Mock Trial in One Act

BY

C. S. BIRD

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No. 1.

PECK VS. PECK.

Characters Represented.

HON. JOSEPHINE SIFTER.....	<i>Judge of Court</i>
MISS FANNIE NOTES.....	<i>Clerk of Court</i>
MRS. JANE HIBROW.....	<i>Counsel for Plaintiff</i>
MISS IMA STINGER.....	<i>Counsel for Defendant</i>
MRS. HENRY PECK.....	<i>Plaintiff</i>
MR. HENRY PECK.....	<i>Defendant</i>
MRS. PAUL PRY	} <i>Witnesses for Plaintiff</i>
MISS HOWE LOVELY	
MR. PAUL PRY	} <i>Witnesses for Defendant</i>
MR. JACOB GOBSKY	

The Jury.

MRS. SHUFFLE.....	<i>of the Bridge Club</i>
MRS. DIAMOND.....	<i>of the 500 Club</i>
MISS OLGERTSON.....	<i>A Swede</i>
MRS. STUMPS.....	<i>A Politician</i>
MISS GUMMER.....	<i>of the Nickelodean</i>
MISS PARCELS.....	<i>of the Department Store</i>
MISS KALSOMINE.....	<i>colored</i>
MISS REEDER.....	<i>literary</i>
MRS. FREELINGHEISER.....	<i>German</i>
MISS SOUR.....	<i>of a CERTAIN age</i>
MRS. DELANCY.....	<i>one of the 400</i>
MRS. O'BEAN.....	<i>Irish</i>

Costumes.

JUDGE. Mannish costume, gray wig with side curls, spectacles, hat.

CLERK. Modern costume, hat.

MRS. HIBROW. Swell costume, hat, lorgnette.

MISS STINGER. Dressed severely plain, rather eccentric, nose-glasses, hat.

MRS. PECK. A large woman, masculine attire, hat, suggestion of beard.

MR. PECK. A small man, business suit, side whiskers, very meek appearing.

MR. PRY. Oldish man, modern costume.

MRS. PRY. Oldish woman, modern costume.

GOBSKY. Hebrew make up.

The costumes and make up of jury are readily suggested by the characters portrayed, Mrs. Delancy, elegant; Miss Parcels, and Miss Gummer, chewing gum; modern, eccentric, etc.

This is a divorce trial, and is supposed to take place when women rule. The trial may be made more ridiculous if the parts of Mrs. Hibrow, Miss Stinger and Mrs. Peck are taken by men, suitably costumed. Or the whole cast may be so represented, if so desired.

PECK VS. PECK.

SCENE.—A court room, judge's bench in back center, Clerk's table just in front of bench, witness box R., witnesses L. F., table for counsel and clients, F. C.

(CLERK discovered at table writing, at rise of curtain.
Enter MISS GUMMER.)

MISS GUMMER. Good mornin'.

CLERK. (*without looking up*) Good morning.

MISS GUMMER. Good land! I'm all out o' breath a-climbin' them stairs. Thought I'd never git up here, th' conductor o' my car carried me a whole block too far, n' I had t' walk back. Whew! ain't it hot?

CLERK. Kindly take a seat in the box.

MISS GUMMER. What, me? Not on your life. I guess if you was in a box every day in the week, sellin' tickets at a nickelodean, you wouldn't cotton to any other kind of a box when you'd got a day off.

CLERK. (*pointing toward jury box*) Will you please be seated? This is not really a box, it is only called so.

MISS GUMMER. (*sarcastic*) You don't say? (*aside*) My, how some folks do put on airs. (*enters box*)

(*Enter MISS OLGERTSON.*)

MISS OLGERTSON. Aye tank Ay got da right place, no?

CLERK. If you were looking for the divorce court, you certainly have.

MISS OLGERSON. Yas, Ay tank so, Ay ban tal to come here, an so——

CLERK. Take a seat over there, please. (*pointing to box*)

MISS OLGERSON. Tank you. (*enters box*)

MISS GUMMER. (*aside*) Get on to the Swede. (*to MISS OLGERSON*) Hullo, Hildegarde, (*no reply*) I say,—Hullo, Miss Oscarson. (*MISS OLGERSON stares stolidly in front*) Ha, ha, ain't she the talkative soul? (*enter MRS. STUMPS*)

MRS. STUMPS. (*with easy familiarity*) Morning, Fannie, how's it going?

CLERK. Good morning, Mrs. Stumps, guess it will go all right when we get started.

MRS. STUMPS. What's on?

CLERK. (*laughing*) Oh, Peck vs. Peck.

MRS. STUMPS. (*smiling*) You don't say so? Poor little Peck. Say, Fannie, here's some o' my cards, running for Magistrate, you know, pass 'em around among your friends.

CLERK. Of course. (*taking cards*)

(*MRS. STUMPS enters box,—hands cards to others in box,—reads paper. She gives a card to each juror who comes into the box.*)

(*Enter MISS REEDER.*)

MISS REEDER. I have a notice—a paper—calling upon me to serve as a juror in this court, and I have complied with the request only because——

CLERK. Please be seated. (*pointing to box*)

MISS REEDER. Only because I hoped that I might find material—atmosphere, you know, for my new book.

CLERK. (*pointing*) Over there, please.

MISS REEDER. (*nettled*) Oh, indeed! (*takes seat in box, goes to work with pencil and pad*)

(*Enter MRS. DELANCY.*)

MRS. DELANCY. (*aside*) I presume this is the place, I will ask this person. Pawdon me but—(*surveying clerk through lorgnette*) am I in the right place?

CLERK. Yes, if you are looking for the divorce court. Are you a juror?

MRS. DELANCY. I believe so.

CLERK. Then sit over there, please.

MRS. DELANCY. What? with those people?

CLERK. Certainly.

MRS. DELANCY. Pray, excuse me, I will sit here. (*sits at table*)

CLERK. It is impossible, madam, those seats are for counsel. You must sit with the other jurors.

MRS. DELANCY. How excessively annoying, (*takes seat remote from other jurors*)

(*Enter MISS KALSOMINE.*)

MISS KALSOMINE. Good mawnin', chile, Am dis yer de cohtin' place?

CLERK. The divorce court? yes. Take a seat over there.

MISS KALSOMINE. Sho! does you mean wif de quality?

CLERK. Yes, I suppose you were called for jury duty, were you not?

MISS KALSOMINE. Yas'm, dat's what I is, fo' shua, one ob dem jewy wimmin.

CLERK. Very well, then, take your seat. (*MISS KALSOMINE takes seat beside MRS. DELANCY, who draws her skirt away*)

MISS KALSOMINE. (*to MRS. DELANCY*) Mawnin', Ma'am, Whew! Dis am a bery salubricatin' kine ob a day, ain't it? (*fanning herself vigorously*)

MRS. DELANCY. (*aside, very much annoyed*) Equal rights for women is not all a thing of roses I find. (*using handkerchief, moving away*)

MISS KALSOMINE. Huh! some folks is mitey stuck up.

(*Enter MISS PARCELS.*)

MISS PARCELS. (*chewing gum*) Say, lady, I got orders to report here and——

MISS GUMMER. (*from box*) Why, hullo, Sadie, be you on the jury too? say ain't that fine?

MISS PARCELS. Hullo, Mame, where'd jew come from?

MISS GUMMER. Oh, I blew in just now, come on up here, we'll set this thing out t'gether, look, (*holding up bag*) peanuts! What?

MISS PARCELS. Sure, me for the goobers.

CLERK. Ladies, ladies, this is no language for the court-room.

MISS PARCELS. Aw, cut out the grouch, are you the floor walker of this department?

CLERK. I am not, this is not a department store.

MISS PARCELS. Then what ju giivn' us anyway? I didn't come here to be bossed 'round by no understrapper like you.

MISS GUMMER. Oh, come on, Sadie, don't waste any time on her, she's got a dill pickle in her lunch box, that's what's makin' her sour, ha ha.

CLERK. Take your seat instantly, or I'll——

MISS PARCELS. Oh, rats! (*sits beside MISS GUMMER*)

(*Enter MRS. DIAMOND.*)

MRS. DIAMOND. Where is my table, please?

CLERK. Your what?

MRS. DIAMOND. Oh, excuse me, I have just come from the club, I mean where is my place?

CLERK. In the jury box (*pointing*)

MRS. DIAMOND. Thank you so much, has the game begun?

CLERK. Not yet, but soon. (*MRS. DIAMOND enters box*)

(Enter MISS SOUR, she goes straight to jury box.)

CLERK. One moment, madam.

MISS SOUR. *Miss*, if *you* please.

CLERK. Well—*Miss*, are you a juror?

MISS SOUR. No, I am *not*, I am a *juress*.

CLERK. Oh, well, take your seat over there.

MISS SOUR. (*with some asperity*) I guess I do not need *you* to tell me where to sit, I want you to understand I served on the jury before you were—er ahem, well never mind about that, at any rate, I do not need any advice or assistance from a little snip like *you*, and I would thank you not to interfere when you are not called upon, I——

CLERK. (*wearily*) Will you please be seated?

MISS SOUR. I will when I get ready, and not before, Miss Impudence. (*aside*) I don't know what our courts are coming to when respectable young women like *me* have to stand the abuse of all these little petty office holders. (*enters box*)

MISS PARCELS. Good enough, old girl, I glory in yer spunk.

MISS SOUR. What's that? Don't you *Dare*——

CLERK. (*rapping on table*) I will not tolerate any more of this, you shall be ejected from the courtroom if——

(Enter MRS. O'BEAN.)

MRS. O'BEAN. Woosh! (*out of breath*) Bad cess t' th' bye thot built thim stairs, faith I'm all out o' breath wid tryin' t' clime up um,—WHEW!!

CLERK. Are you on the panel?

MRS. O'BEAN. (*tartly*) No, Oi *ain't*, what d'ye mane, ye hussy?

CLERK. I merely asked if you were on the *panel*.

MRS. O'BEAN. Well Oi'm not, Oi'd have ye know Oi'm a respictible married woman, whose name is *O'Bean*, Mrs. Jerry O'Bean, an' no O'Bean was iver accused of bein' on anny "pannel" or annywhere ilse as they shouldn't be.

CLERK. You misunderstand me, Mrs. O'Bean, I mean—did you come to serve on the jury?

MRS. O'BEAN. Oh! is *thot* what ye mane? well, why didn't ye say so thin?

CLERK. *Are* you a juror?

MRS. O'BEAN. Begorra Oi'm thot same, an' there will be thrubble fr' anny wan what——

CLERK. Please be seated then. (MRS. O'BEAN *enters box*) take *that* chair, (*indicating seat beside MISS KALSOMINE*)

MRS. O'BEAN. What! alongside o' th' naygur? An' *me* a *white* woman. I'll not do ut.

CLERK. Oh, take anv seat you please.

MISS KALSOMINE. I wouldn't hab no Irisher settin' 'long sider me anyhow.

MRS. O'BEAN. Shut up, ye black——

CLERK. Ladies, ladies.

(*Enter MRS. SHUFFLE.*)

MRS. SHUFFLE. Kindly inform me if this is the divorce court,— “pray do.”

CLERK. It is. Are you a juror?

MRS. SHUFFLE. I think I *was* to be, but if you will excuse me I think I will not take a hand in the game to-day, the company appears to be far from select and——

CLERK. That makes no difference in jury duty, madam, equal rights prevail in our courts.

MRS. SHUFFLE. (*aside*) But you know, my dear, I see that odious Mrs. Diamond is here, she is only a member of that common 500 club, I could not possibly think of serving on the same jury with *her*, I really could not, so if you will excuse me (*moving toward the door*) I will——

CLERK. You must wait, madam, and make your excuses to her Honor.

MRS. SHUFFLE. Oh, do they have “honors” here? Then I will stay for a short time.

CLERK. (*with sarcasm*) I am sure that is very sweet of you, kindly take your seat in the jury box.

MRS. SHUFFLE. But really, it would hardly be worth while——

CLERK. Be seated if you please. (MRS. SHUFFLE *enters box*)

(*Enter MRS. FREELINGHEISER.*)

CLERK. (*looking at her*) Well? (*no reply*) (*louder*) Well, madam?

MRS. FREELINGHEISER. O, yah, preddy well alretty.

CLERK. Are you a juror?

MRS. FREELINGHEISER. Nein, I vas a Chermans. Do I look like von Chew.

CLERK. No, but did you come to sit on a case?

MRS. FREELINGHEISER. Ach! nein, I sids on no cases, bud I will sid on von keg, if dose chairs pe all daken, ain't it?

CLERK. (*smiling*) There is a chair for you in the box, so please be seated.

MRS. FREELINGHEISER. Yah, yust so. (*enters box*)

(*Enter MRS. HIBROW, and MRS. PECK, they sit at table, facing judge's bench. Enter MISS STINGER, and MR. PECK, taking places on opposite side. The witnesses follow, taking seats L. Enter JUDGE B. C. going to bench.*)

CLERK. (*rising*) Court. (*all rise*)

JUDGE. Wait a moment, Fannie. (*looks in mirror back of bench, arranges hat*) What do you think of my new hat?

CLERK. It's just a dream, your Honor. Where *did* you get it?

JUDGE. Down at Marlows,—pattern hat—only one in the store, and *such* a bargain.

MRS. PARCELS. (*aside to MISS GUMMER snicker-*

ing) Say, Mame, ain't some folks easy worked? I know all *about* them hats,—next department to mine, "pattern" nit, ha, ha.

JUDGE. Is everything ready for the trial?

CLERK. I believe so.

JUDGE. Then we will start, let me see, (*looking at papers*) um, Peck vs. Peck. Open the court, Fannie.

CLERK. (*rapidly*) Oyez Oyez Oyez, all women or other persons having business before the Hon. Josephine Sifter will please put aside their fancy-work, see that their hats are on straight, their costumes hooked up in the back (*mutual inspection*) so there may be nothing to interfere with the due course of justice, also stop chewing gum and please be seated.

(*All sit down.*)

JUDGE. The first case listed for trial is Peck vs. Peck. The clerk will call the roll of jurors present.

CLERK. Jurors will stand and answer to their names as called. (*reading from paper*) Miss Abbie Sour.

MISS SOUR. Present, and I want to say——

JUDGE. Order in the court.

MISS SOUR. But I have a complaint——

JUDGE. This is no time for complaints, go on, Fannie.

CLERK. Miss Angeline Reeder.

MISS REEDER. Wait 'til I finish this line.

JUDGE. Jurors must answer promptly.

CLERK. (*louder*) Miss Angeline Reeder.

MISS REEDER. Why anyone can see I am here.

CLERK. Miss Phoebe Kalsomine.

MISS KALSOMINE. (*dropping a curtsy*) Right here, see me?

CLERK. Mrs. Dolly Diamond.

MRS. DIAMOND. (*absently*) I think I will make it hearts.

JUDGE. What's that?

MRS. DIAMOND. Why—ah—present.

CLERK. Mrs. Jane Stumps.

MRS. STUMPS. (*loudly*) Here.

CLERK. Mrs. Bridget O'Bean.

MRS. O'BEAN. Here, av ye plaze.

CLERK. Mrs. Amanda Shuffle.

MRS. SHUFFLE. I am here, but I wish it to be distinctly understood that my car is ordered in half an hour, and under no circumstances will I——

JUDGE. That will do, Mrs. Shuffle, you will stay until this case is finished.

MRS. SHUFFLE. The idea, I said——

CLERK. Order in the court.

JUDGE. (*sternly*) Silence, in the jury box.

MISS GUMMER. Ha, ho. Say, Sadie, she got hers all right all right, didn't she?

MISS PARCELS. That's what, the judge told *her* where to git off sure.

CLERK. Order.

MRS. DIAMOND. Huh! served her right. the stuck-up thing.

JUDGE. Ladies, you *must* be quiet, this is not an afternoon tea.

CLERK. Mrs. Van Peyster Delancy.

MRS. DELANCY. I am here, but only for a short time, I have a luncheon appointment at the——

JUDGE. That will do, Mrs. Delancy, go on, Fannie.

(*Giggles from rest of jury.*)

CLERK. Order please, Mrs. August Freelingheiser.

MRS. FREELINGHEISER. Yah, I vos here for half an hour alretty, und batiently waitin'——

CLERK. Miss Olga Olgerson.

MISS OLGERTSON. Ay bane settin' here.

CLERK. Miss Sarah Parcels. (MISS PARCELS, *and* MISS GUMMER, *busy eating peanuts*)

CLERK. (*louder*) Miss Sarah Parcels.

MISS GUMMER. (*nudging* MISS PARCELS) Say, Sadie. She means you.

MISS PARCELS. (*shaking head*) Uh, uh, my name ain't "Sarah."

JUDGE. Jurors *must* answer, don't delay the roll call.

MISS PARCELS. Well, if she means *me*, my name's *Sadie*, tell her to cut out the "Sarah" business and I'll answer.

CLERK. Well, Miss *Sadie* Parcels.

MISS PARCELS. (*cracks a peanut, imitates clerk*) Here, marm. (*MISS PARCELS and MISS GUMMER giggle*)

CLERK. Miss Mary Gummer.

MISS PARCELS. (*nudging her*) Ha, ha, it's up to you now, Mame.

MISS GUMMER (*to clerk*) Aw, leave off th' trimmins, my name's *Mame*. (*to MISS PARCELS*) Say, wouldn't my steady give her the stony stare fer that? (*giggles*)

JUDGE. This levity must cease, and at once.

MISS GUMMER. All right, anything to accodate, (*to clerk*) put me down on the piece o' paper, marm.

MRS. STUMPS (*who has been sitting beside MRS. O'BEAN, rising*) Your Honor, would it be possible for me to change my seat?

JUDGE. For what reason?

MRS. STUMPS. I object decidedly to the odor of laundry soap, with which this lady is saturated.

MRS. O'BEAN. Oh, ye do, do yez? Maybe if ye was to pay me for thim last two washin's ye would like ut betther. (*laughter*)

JUDGE. Order in the court. No, you will have to remain where you are.

MRS. DIAMOND. (*beside MISS KALSOMINE*) Would your Honor permit me to change *my* seat?

JUDGE. Is this a question of laundry soap also?

MRS. DIAMOND. No, your Honor, I think it is a question of the *lack of toilet* soap and——

MISS KALSOMINE. OH! indeedy, I guess you ain'

got no reason to be so uppy, say, jedge. Ah, knows her kitchen gal, Ah does, her name Mandy, Mandy Snow, An' Mandy say——

JUDGE. That will do, jurors will stay where they are, proceed with the case.

(MRS. HIBROW *opens case for plaintiff.*)

MRS. HIBROW. Your Honor, and ladies of the jury, the case which is about to be brought before you, is one which in the course of a long and varied experience in general practice, it has never been my fortune, I might say, my *misfortune*, to have seen equalled in its exemplification of the extreme brutality—the awful vindictiveness—and the selfish neglect of which a person calling himself a *man* (*looking sternly at defendant*) can be capable of showing toward the weak and timid—the innocent and long-suffering partner of his joys and sorrows, particularly the latter. We will show you by competent and unimpeachable witnesses that what I state is but too true, and after we have done so, we will ask, nay, we will *demand*, that you render a verdict in accordance with the facts produced, and award us the divorce for which we pray, together with alimony to the full amount for which we sue. Mrs. Peck will please take the stand. (MRS. PECK *takes stand*)

CLERK. (*rapidly*) You do promise that the evidence you shall give before this court shall be the truth so far as you are able to state it and shall be such as to help your own case as much as possible and injure that of the defendant in a corresponding degree?

MRS. PECK. (*emphatically*) I do.

JUDGE. Be seated, Mrs. Peck.

MISS STINGER. Your Honor, will you entertain a motion to quash at this time?

JUDGE. I will hear what you have to say, Miss Stinger.

MISS STINGER. Then we will make a motion to quash in this case.

JUDGE. Counsel will state her reasons.

MISS STINGER. First, because of defective and erroneous Brief, it being stated that at the institution of these proceedings the face of defendant was adorned with side whiskers, when as a matter of fact, he was not permitted by plaintiff to wear such appendages at, or prior to the time mentioned, the crop which he now wears having been cultivated *since* their separation.

MRS. HIBROW. I object to this harangue, your Honor, when the proper time arrives——

JUDGE. Counsel for plaintiff must not interrupt when a motion is being heard by the court.

MISS STINGER. In the second place, we move to quash because it is further stated that at this time defendant took to calling plaintiff "Miss Peck." When it is a matter of common knowledge that he invariably addressed her as "Baby." (*jurors giggle*)

JUDGE. Order in the court,—the motion is refused, proceed with the case.

MRS. HIBROW. What is your full name Mrs. Peck?

MRS. PECK. Hannah Anna Peck.

MRS. HIBROW. You know the defendant in this case?

MRS. PECK. I most certainly do.

MRS. HIBROW. He is your husband, I believe?

MRS. PECK. He is.

MRS. HIBROW. How long have you been married, Mrs. Peck?

MRS. PECK. Twenty years.

MRS. HIBROW. U-m, twenty years. Now will you please state to the jury whether or not these twenty years of married life have been years of unalloyed happiness.

MRS. PECK. Well, I might say that they might have been so considered until recently.

MRS. HIBROW. How recently?

MRS. PECK. Until about a year ago.

MRS. HIBROW. What then happened to change the nature of these peaceful domestic relations?

MRS. PECK. Well——

MRS. HIBROW. Or first, let me ask if you can give the jury any information tending to show that your previous life with defendant *was* a—ah—loving and harmonious one?

MRS. PECK (*hesitating*) I really don't know—I suppose——

MRS. HIBROW. Come, any little things, I presume now, as is often the custom among those who are happily mated, he frequently held you—ah—upon his knee?

MRS. PECK. Oh, yes, frequently. (*laughter—judge raps on desk*)

MRS. HIBROW. Anything else?

MRS. PECK. Why, I don't know.

MRS. HIBROW. What? didn't he call you pet names, or anything of that sort?

MRS. PECK. Oh, yes, he called me "Baby," his little "Birdie" and other things. (*more laughter*)

MISS GUMMER. (*to MISS PARCELS*) Ha, ha, she looks like a bird, don't she? (*giggle*)

JUDGE. Silence in the jury box.

MRS. HIBROW. And I suppose you retaliated, er, I mean you reciprocated?

MRS. PECK. Well, I used to call him "Henny."

MRS. HIBROW. You called him Henny, Henry being his correct name, I believe?

MRS. O'BEAN. Shure, he must hov bin in th' "Bantam class." (*laughter*)

MRS. HIBROW. Now, Mrs. Peck, you have said that your relations were harmonious until about one year ago, I will ask you what then occurred to change this peaceful atmosphere of domestic bliss?

MRS. PECK. Well, for one thing, I needed money for my personal use, and he refused to supply it.

MRS. HIBROW. Anything else?

MRS. PECK. He also complained about wheeling the baby carriage in the park.

MRS. HIBROW. What reason did he give for this outrageous conduct?

MRS. PECK. He pretended that he could not spare the time from his business.

MRS. HIBROW. What about his treatment of you?

MRS. PECK. When we had the difference over money matters, he struck me.

MRS. HIBROW. He struck you, did he? I hope, ladies of the jury, you will make a mental note of that statement. What did he assault you with, his fists?

MRS. PECK. No, with a piece of furniture.

MRS. HIBROW. What was it? a chair, a table leg?

MRS. PECK. No, not exactly,—it was a—a——

MRS. HIBROW. Don't be afraid to tell the jury, this is very important, a very serious matter, the facts must be brought out, now what was it, Mrs. Peck?

MRS. PECK. (*hesitating*) It was a—a—feather duster. (*derisive laughter from MISS STINGER, and jury*)

MRS. HIBROW. (*somewhat confused*) That's all, Mrs. Peck.

MISS STINGER. One moment, Mrs. Peck, I would like to ask you——

MRS. PECK. (*haughtily*) You need not ask me anything, I do not care to have any conversation with you. (*stepping down*)

MISS STINGER. I appeal to your Honor.

JUDGE. Witness must answer questions of counsel.

MRS. PECK. (*sitting down again*) Well?

MISS STINGER. You say that you have been married to my client twenty years? is that right?

MRS. PECK. **It is.**

MISS STINGER. Mr. Peck was a home-loving man, was he not?

MRS. PECK. That is true.

MISS STINGER. Good provider—no bad habits?

MRS. PECK. Quite right.

MISS STINGER. I suppose he helped take care of the children—washed the dishes when occasion required, etc.

MRS. PECK. I think so.

MISS STINGER. You *think* so, well but *didn't* he?

MRS. PECK. I said——

MISS STINGER. Please answer, yes or no.

MRS. PECK. Well, yes.

MISS STINGER. Oh, he *did*? Now in regard to this trouble over money matters, what reason had you for asking defendant for a large amount of money at this time?

MRS. HIBROW. I object, there was no testimony about any amount.

MISS STINGER. Well, why did you want money at this time?

MRS. HIBROW. I object your Honor, I don't see that it makes any particular difference *what* the money was wanted for, it is enough that she needed it and that he refused to supply it.

MISS STINGER. Your Honor, I desire to show by this witness that my client had very good reasons for refusing to supply this money.

JUDGE. Objection overruled, answer the question.

MRS. PECK. Well I needed the money for campaign expenses.

MISS STINGER. You are running for Alderwoman at the time, were you not?

MRS. PECK. I was.

MISS STINGER. And your husband objected, he thought your place was at home, instead of in politics, didn't he?

MRS. PECK. He said so.

MISS STINGER. Now, Mrs. Peck, in regard to this alleged assault, when you asked for money, and was

refused, did you not call defendant a "little ungrateful wretch?"

MRS. PECK. I don't think——

MISS STINGER. (*loudly*) Answer the question. *Didn't* you?

MRS. PECK. Well I——

MISS STINGER. Come, no evasion, a plain yes or no, is all we want. •

MRS. PECK. (*rattled*) Yes, I——

MISS STINGER. You *did*, and didn't you take him by the hair of the head, and the collar of the coat, and shake him?

MRS. PECK. I don't remember.

MISS STINGER. (*storming*) Didn't you? yes or no.

MRS. PECK. I may have.

MISS STINGER. I do not ask you what you *may* have done, or what you may *not* have. I ask you if you did *not* do as I have stated?

MRS. PECK. I refuse to say.

JUDGE. Witness must answer one way or the other.

MRS. PECK. Well then, I *did*, and so would any other woman with an ounce of——

MISS STINGER. (*triumphantly*) Never mind about any other woman, it's the facts in *this* case we are after just at present. What was defendant doing at the time?

MRS. PECK. He was dusting the furniture.

MISS STINGER. What with?

MRS. PECK. Why, with a duster, of course. (*smiles around room*)

MISS STINGER. (*holding up long-handled duster*) Was this the article referred to?

MRS. PECK. I don't know.

MISS STINGER. Well, it was one *like* this, was it not?

MRS. PECK. I think so.

MISS STINGER. Now, Mrs. Peck, I want to ask

you, if when you so brutally assaulted your husband, and pulled him around the room, this duster did not accidentally fly around and strike you?

MRS. PECK. (*decidedly*) It did *not*, he struck me with it.

MISS STINGER. You are sure of this, are you?

MRS. PECK. I am.

MISS STINGER. Which end did defendant have in his hand at the time?

MRS. PECK. Why, the handle end.

MISS STINGER. You are sure of *that* too, I suppose?

MRS. PECK. I am.

MISS STINGER. (*smiling*) That will do, Mrs. Peck. (MRS. PECK *stands down*)

MRS. HIBROW. Mrs. Pry will please take the stand.

CLERK. You do hereby promise that the evidence you shall give in this case shall be the truth according to your own idea of it?

MRS. PRY. (*tartly*) Young woman, I want you to distinctly understand that I am not in the habit of telling anything but the truth, so I do not care for any insinuations of——

JUDGE. That will do, Mrs. Pry, just be seated, and confine your conversation to the answering of questions of counsel.

MRS. HIBROW. Mrs. Pry, what is your full name?

MRS. PRY. Genevieve Philomela Pry.

MRS. HIBROW. Your married name being Mrs. Paul Pry, I believe?

MRS. PRY. It is, but I think nowadays——

MRS. HIBROW. Just answer the questions please. Now, Mrs. Pry, do you know anything about this trouble referred to by the last witness, this—ah—disagreement between the plaintiff and defendant in this case?

MRS. PRY. Well, I heard——

JUDGE. The jury does not want to know what the

witness *heard*. Please confine your testimony to what you *know*, what you may have actually observed at the time.

MRS. PRY. That's what I was about to do when you butted in. (*laughter*)

JUDGE. (*sternly*) Witness must not address the court in a disrespectful manner.

MRS. PRY. And you had better wait and see what I have to say before you——

JUDGE. (*rapping on desk*) Silence, Madam.

MRS. HIBROW. Now, now, Mrs. Pry, please let us hear what you know in regard to this case.

MRS. PRY. Well, as I started to say before—(*looking at judge*) I *heard*——

MRS. HIBROW. (*hastily*) By the way, you and Mrs. Peck are neighbors, are you not?

MRS. PRY. We are.

MRS. HIBROW. Well, go on, relate what occurred, in your own words.

MRS. PRY. I *heard*—an awful rumpus over at the Pecks' that day, and——

MRS. HIBROW. What do you mean by a "rumpus?"

MRS. PRY. Why, voices and high words like.

MRS. HIBROW. Where were you at the time?

MRS. PRY. I was standing by the fence.

MRS. HIBROW. Which *side* of the fence?

MRS. PRY. My own side.

MRS. HIBROW. Well, what did you do when you heard this disturbance?

MRS. PRY. I happened to be wanting to borrow a few eggs from Mrs. Peck, so I went over, I found the hired girl in the kitchen, and she said that Mr. and Mrs. Peck were having a terrible time in the——

MISS STINGER. Your Honor, I object. We do not care what this witness heard the hired girl *say*, we want to hear what this witness *knows*, that is, if she knows *anything*.

MRS. PRY. (*angrily*) I guess I know as much as you do, any day in the week.

JUDGE. That will do. Confine yourself to matters which came under your personal observation.

MRS. PRY. Well then, I went into the other part of the house, to ask about the eggs you know. I wouldn't have gone for any other reason, as I didn't want to seem to be inquisitive about their family affairs——

MISS STINGER. (*sarcastically*) No, of course not. (*jurors laugh*)

MRS. PRY. (*scowling at Miss Stinger*) So I stopped in the hall.

MRS. HIBROW. Where was the place, or the room from which this noise seemed to proceed, in reference to the position which you occupied?

MRS. PRY. Oh, right next to it.

MRS. HIBROW. Door between?

MRS. PRY. Yes.

MRS. HIBROW. Door closed or open?

MRS. PRY. Wide open.

MRS. HIBROW. The door was wide open, and did you stand where you could see into the other room? any curtains or other obstructions in the way?

MRS. PRY. No, indeed, I had a fine view—I—er—mean that I— (*Miss Stinger looks at jury, they both laugh*)

JUDGE. Order in the court.

MRS. HIBROW. (*hastily*) Go on, tell us what you saw or heard.

MRS. PRY. Well, I heard Mrs. Peck say something.

MRS. HIBROW. What was it?

MRS. PRY. I couldn't make out, they were making so much racket.

MRS. HIBROW. Did Mr. Peck have anything in his hand?

MISS STINGER. I object, I object to counsel trying to lead witness, let her tell her own story.

MRS. HIBROW. Go on.

MRS. PRY. They were slamming around the room, tipping over furniture and things, and I thought the best thing for me to do was to get out, so I came away.

MRS. HIBROW. You mean you went home?

MRS. PRY. I did.

MRS. HIBROW. But didn't you see Mr. Peck with a feather duster——

MISS STINGER. Oh, I object.

JUDGE. Counsel must not ask leading questions.

MRS. HIBROW. That's all.

MISS STINGER. Not quite all, Mrs. Pry. not quite. You say you were at home when you first heard this disturbance?

MRS. PRY. That's what I said.

MISS STINGER. Yes,—and you thought all at once that you would like to borrow a few eggs?

MRS. PRY. Well, not all at once, I just needed the eggs, and——

MISS STINGER. And you thought it would be a real nice time to borrow eggs from your neighbor when she and her husband were having this little domestic comedy, or tragedy, or whatever you may have hoped you would see?

MRS. PRY. I don't know about that.

MISS STINGER. No, of course not, you just happened to want those eggs at that particular time, and went after them, was that it?

MRS. PRY. I suppose I did.

MISS STINGER. Yes. (*jurors much amused*) Now, Mrs. Pry, you say you and Mrs. Peck are neighbors?

MRS. PRY. I do.

MISS STINGER. Good friends no doubt, I believe you both belong to the same political party, do you not?

MRS. PRY. We do.

MISS STINGER. I want to ask you, if just prior to

this trouble you *accidentally* witnessed, Mrs. Peck was not over at your house, and if she did not say to you at that time "that if Henry Peck did not——

MRS. HIBROW. (*jumping up*) I object!

MISS STINGER. (*persisting*) Shell out for your campaign expenses you would hammer it out of him?

MRS. HIBROW. You Honor, I object to this kind of cross-examination.

MISS STINGER. (*laughing*) That's all, Mrs. Pry. (MRS. PRY *steps down*)

MRS. HIBROW. Miss Lovely. (MISS LOVELY *takes stand*)

CLERK. You swear——

MISS LOVELY. (*indignantly*) I don't! I'se a mor'l woman, I is.

CLERK. But you must be sworn, hold up your right hand, do you promise to tell the whole truth in the evidence you are about to give in this case?

MISS LOVELY. Ah suah does.

MRS. HIBROW. What is your name?

MISS LOVELY. My name am Lovely.

MRS. HIBROW. Well, what is your first name?

MISS LOVELY. Howe.

MRS. HIBROW. (*louder*) I say, what is your first name?

MISS LOVELY. Ah dun tole yer.

MRS. HIBROW. You did not, you asked me to repeat the question.

MISS LOVELY. Mah fust name *Howe*, an' Ah dun say *Howe*.

MRS. HIBROW. Oh, I see, then your full name is *Howe Lovely*?

MISS LOVELY. Yas'm.

MRS. HIBROW. Miss Lovely, you were employed by Mrs. Peck at the time of this trouble, that is, about a year ago, were you not?

MISS LOVELY. Yas'm Ah was, Ah was in de kitch'n an——

MRS. HIBROW. Wait a moment, just answer my questions.

MISS LOVELY. All right, question away. (*laughter*)

MRS. HIBROW. Where were you, Miss Lovely, when Mrs. Pry came over that day?

MISS LOVELY. In de kitch'n, an' Ah say to Miss Pry, Ah say——

MRS. HIBROW. Wait, wait, what occurred at the time, as near as you can remember?

MISS LOVELY. Well, neah's Ah can 'member Ah hears a 'nawful racket in de front ob de house, soun like quar'lin' 'n fitin', Mis' Pry, she dun come a runnin' ober t' de house an' say—"what on airth am de matter, Howe," an' Ah tell her I doan' kno' noffin' 'tall 'bout it, but seem t' me like de folks was habin' powerful heap o' trubble in de front ob de house, 'n Mis' Pry she go tip-toin' inter de front hall. 'n Ah gits skeered 'n grabs mah hat 'n runs home.

MRS. HIBROW. And is that all you know about the affair?

MISS LOVELY. On'y what Mis' Pry dun tole nex' day, she say——

MRS. HIBROW. Never mind about that.

MISS LOVELY. She say she dun see Mis' Peck cotch Mistah Peck by de har ob de haid, an' de scruff ob de——

MRS. HIBROW. (*angrily*) I said that would do, you are excused.

MISS STINGER. (*laughing*) One moment, Miss Lovely, how do you spell your first name?

MISS LOVELY. Howe.

MISS STINGER. No, I mean, how do you *spell* it? Like the printing press man, don't you?

MISS LOVELY. Ah doan' know dat ar man.

MISS STINGER. Well, he spells it—H o w e, is that right?

MISS LOVELY. Ah guess so, he suah orter know how. (*laughter*)

MISS KALSOMINE. Huh! her name ain' Howe, an she ain' Lubly either, her name Jackson, Matilda Jackson, she made dat name up t' suit herse'f.

MISS LOVELY. (*angrily*) No, Ah didn't, yo black——

MISS KALSOMINE. Yas yo did, monkey face, Ah knowed yo sence yo was a li'l chile an' yo Mammy——

JUDGE. Silence, or I will have you both committed for contempt.

MISS GUMMER. Oh, let 'em scrap it out, I'll bet on——

CLERK. Order, order in the court.

MISS STINGER. Miss Lovely, you say you were in the kitchen when Mrs. Pry came running over, appeared to be in a hurry, didn't she?

MISS LOVELY. Yas'm, she was fo' suah.

MISS STINGER. Excited?

MISS LOVELY. Yas'm.

MISS STINGER. Say anything about "eggs?"

MISS LOVELY. Not's Ah 'member.

MISS STINGER. No, don't remember hearing her *mention* eggs, do you?

MISS LOVELY. No, not eggsac'ly.

MISS STINGER. Just so, that will do, Miss Lovely, thank you. (MISS LOVELY *steps down*) (*rising*) Your Honor, and ladies of the jury, it will hardly be necessary for me to take up the time of this court or the perhaps still more valuable time of the ladies of this extremely intelligent and more than ordinarily good-looking jury, by anything more than a very brief allusion to the case of the client whom I have the honor to represent here to-day, I know you have many social, many political, domestic, and other duties awaiting your guiding hands, so I will only say, that the man against whom this suit has been brought—against whom the poisoned darts contained in this quiver of so-called evidence which has just been emptied before your discriminating view, have

been aimed, is the most maligned, the most persecuted, and I may add, the most unhappy victim of that vampire in human guise—the confirmed female politician, whom it has ever been my duty to defend against the foul stigma of wife-beating, which this plaintiff, and this prosecuting—perhaps I should say—this persecuting minion of the law, and her perjured coterie of character assassins called “witnesses” have sought to fasten upon him.

I have not the slightest doubt in the world that after you have heard the evidence which we will produce, you will not only acquit my client of these infamous slanders, but will render a verdict which will be against the plaintiff, and one which shall carry with it the crushing weight of your just condemnation of one who thus seeks to hold up before a gaping and curious world, the innocent victim of her own political as well as domestic schemes and machinations. Mr. Peck, will you please take the stand?

CLERK. You do promise that the evidence which you shall give in this case shall be the truth as near as you are usually in the habit of stating it?

MR. PECK. Yes, Marm, I think so.

JUDGE. Be seated, Mr. Peck.

MR. PECK. Thank you.

MISS STINGER. Mr. Peck, what is your full name?

MR. PECK. Henry Harrison Peck.

MISS STINGER. Mr. Peck, this—er—*lady* on the opposite side of the table is your wife, I believe?

MR. PECK. Yes, Marm, she is.

MISS STINGER. Yes, now will you kindly state to the jury *your* version of the little—ah—unpleasantness from a domestic standpoint, which has been referred to by the preceding witnesses?

MR. PECK. (*rather timidly*) All of it?

MISS STINGER. Yes, yes, of course.

MR. PECK. (*looking apprehensively toward plaintiff*) But, Marm, I—ah——

MISS STINGER. Oh, go ahead, Mr. Peck, your in-

terests, as well as your *person* will be fully protected in this court, we will see that any attempt at personal violence by anyone who happens to be present, meets with the stern rebuke of the law. (*looking at Mrs. PECK*)

Mrs. HIBROW. You honor, I most decidedly object to the base insinuation contained in the remark just made by counsel for defendant. A remark craftily contrived for the express purpose of creating a prejudice in the minds of the jury, inimical to my client.

JUDGE. We will have to warn counsel.

MISS STINGER. (*rising and bowing*) I beg your Honor's pardon, as well as that of my learned sister, if I have been in any way guilty of transgressing the duly accepted rules of court procedure. I should have known better than to think that an attack of the kind referred to, would be attempted in this court, as much as a certain person might be tempted thereto. Please proceed, Mr. Peck.

MR. PECK. Well, Marm. As near as I can recall the circumstances, on the day in question I had come home from business feeling rather blue and discouraged, and——

MISS STINGER. What is the nature of your business?

MR. PECK. I am a dealer in butter and eggs.

MISS STINGER. I suppose that is how your neighbors come to depend on *you* for eggs in times of short supply? (*smiles in court room*)

MR. PECK. It looks that way. This was in the time of the panic, and——

Mrs. O'BEAN. Spake up a little louder, my little manny, so's we can hear th' ividence.

MR. PECK. (*louder*) I said it was the time of the panic, and I was needing all the money I could get hold of, to keep my business from going to smash, and I——

MISS STINGER. As a matter of fact, you did not

feel that you could take *any* money out of your business, even for your personal expenses, did you?

MR. PECK. No, Marm, I did not. I needed a new suit of clothes at the time, and I was compelled to buy, or rather to obtain them in exchange for other—ah—things.

MISS STINGER. What exchange did you make, Mr. Peck?

MR. PECK. I—ah—would much prefer not to state. (*whispered conference between Mrs. PECK, and Mrs. HIBROW, the latter nods head*)

MISS STINGER. It is not material, go on.

MR. PECK. When I came home that evening I did not find my wife in, I inquired where she was, and was told that she was over at Mrs. Pry's, she returned shortly afterwards and told me that she must have \$100.00 at once.

MISS STINGER. Did she state what the money was wanted for?

MR. PECK. No, Marm, I asked her, but she said that was *her* business, not mine, but I think——

MRS. HIBROW. Oh, we do not care what the witness thinks, we only want facts.

MISS STINGER. Go on, what happened next?

MR. PECK. Well, I explained my business situation to her, and said the thing was impossible,—that I could not raise the sum she demanded.

MISS STINGER. What reply did she make to that?

MR. PECK. I was dusting the furniture as was my custom at that hour, when she flew at me like a wild woman—said I was an ungrateful wretch, and then began to shake me and pull me around by the hair of the head.

MISS STINGER. Making considerable noise in the meantime, no doubt?

MR. PECK. Yes, Marm.

MISS STINGER. Did you attempt to defend yourself from this dastardly attack?

MR. PECK. I couldn't at first, but I had the

duster in my hand, and as soon as I could get a chance I struck her with it.

MRS. HIBROW. I trust the jury will take due cognizance of that statement.

MISS STINGER. Yes, and you considered you were perfectly justified in so doing, as a matter of self-defence, did you not?

MR. PECK. Yes, Marm, I did.

MISS STINGER. What were the results of this blow, if any?

MR. PECK. Why, I believe the dust flew considerable, and a few of her hairpins fell out on the floor.

MISS STINGER. But there were no bones broken—no flow of blood, or anything of that sort?

MR. PECK. Oh, no, nothing of that kind.

MISS STINGER. No, I thought not. That's all, Mr. Peck, one moment though, I suppose you always considered yourself a fairly good husband?

MR. PECK. I think I was.

MISS STINGER. Wheeled the children in the park—washed the dishes when the girl was out—and performed other domestic duties?

MR. PECK. Yes—and I made beds, and run the carpet sweeper too.

MISS STINGER. Yes, in short, you did all that a wife could reasonably expect of a husband?

MR. PECK. Yes, Marm.

MISS STINGER. That's all.

MRS. HIBROW. Mr. Peck, you stated a moment ago that in order to procure yourself a suit of clothes you were forced to exchange something else for them, now will you kindly state to the jury, what it was that you exchanged for the suit you were speaking of?

MISS STINGER. Your Honor, I object to the question, as unimportant, irrelevant and immaterial.

JUDGE. What does counsel wish to show?

MRS. HIBROW. I wish to show to the members of this jury, the meanness of defendant in small things,

as having an important bearing on the question at issue.

JUDGE. Proceed, objection overruled.

MRS. HIBROW. Well then, what was it?

MR. PECK. (*hesitatingly*) It was a—a—dress.

MRS. HIBROW. (*blustering*) A *what*? Speak up so the jury can hear you.

MR. PECK. I said it was a dress.

MRS. HIBROW. Oh, a dress,—whose dress?

MR. PECK. Mrs. Peck's.

MRS. HIBROW. And do you have the shameless effrontery to sit there and look this jury in the face and tell them that you stripped the dress from the back of a helpless and devoted wife, and sold it in order that *you* might have a suit of clothes to cover your own miserable little person? (*jurors indignant*)

MR. PECK. But, Marm, it was an old one,—she told me she was going to give it to Howe Lovely, so——

MRS. HIBROW. Oh, that will do, that's all. (MR. PECK *steps down*)

MISS STINGER. Mr. Pry. (MR. PRY *takes stand*)

CLERK. You do promise that the evidence you are about to give shall be the truth, so help you?

MR. PRY. I do.

MISS STINGER. Your full name, please?

MR. PRY. Paul Pry.

MISS STINGER. Mr. Pry, where were you at the time of this assault by plaintiff upon defendant?

MRS. HIBROW. I object, your Honor, counsel assumes too much.

MISS STINGER. (*smiling*) Well, at the time of this little difference of opinion?

MR. PRY. I was at home.

MISS STINGER. Then personally you know nothing about it?

MR. PRY. I do not.

MISS STINGER. You say you were at home, been there for some time?

MR. PRY. All the afternoon.

MISS STINGER. Was Mrs. Peck at any time prior to this ass—a—this little difficulty, alluded to, calling at your home?

MR. PRY. She was, she left there just after Mr. Peck returned from business.

MISS STINGER. How do you know that?

MR. PRY. Because I saw him go by, and saw her leave my house immediately afterward.

MISS STINGER. Did you hear any conversation between your wife and Mrs. Peck while the latter was at your home?

MR. PRY. I did.

MISS STINGER. Will you please state to the jury the nature of this conversation, and how you happened to hear it?

MR. PRY. Well, I was sitting outside smoking, and they were inside talking, the front door was open, and they came out in the hall, they were talking politics, and I heard Mrs. Peck say—"Well, if I am going into this thing I have just got to have a hundred dollars for campaign expenses, and if that miserable little shrimp of a Peck don't shell out, I'll hammer it out of him."

MISS STINGER. You are sure of that, are you?

MR. PRY. I'll swear to it.

MISS STINGER. That's all, Mr. Pry, thank you.

MRS. HIBROW. Mr. Pry, had you not been to an ear specialist shortly before the time you mention?

MR. PRY. I had.

MRS. HIBROW. Your hearing was very poor, was it not?

MR. PRY. Oh, I had had a little trouble with *one* of my ears, but after treatment I could hear better than ever before in my life.

MRS. HIBROW. That's all. (MR. PRY *steps down*)

MISS STINGER. Mr. Gobsky. (Mr. GOBSKY *takes stand*)

CLERK. How do you qualify?

MR. GOBSKY. Oh, I yust shows dose goots und der guality speaks for itselluf.

CLERK. You do not seem to understand me. See here, do you promise to tell the truth in answer to the questions of counsel?

MR. GOBSKY. Oh, sure, I tell der drut, so hellup me.

MISS STINGER. Mr. Gobsky, what is your full name?

MR. GOBSKY. Abraham Isaac Gobsky.

MISS STINGER. What is your business?

MR. GOBSKY. I vos a dealer in second hant glothing.

MISS STINGER. You sell and exchange, do you not?

MR. GOBSKY. Vell somedimes ven a veller gomes mine blace of peezniss in und——

MISS STINGER. Wait a minute, I want to ask you if you recognize the defendant in this suit?

MR. GOBSKY. Vell, I dond know nuttings aboud what you calls devendand, bud I recognize der *suid* all right. I remember I sells you dat *suid* dwo—three years ago, und mine cracious! vat a pargain id vas. (*laughter in the room*)

JUDGE. Silence in the court-room.

MISS STINGER. (*somewhat embarrassed*) Please answer my questions as briefly as possible, did you ever see this gentleman before. (*points to Mr. PECK*)

MR. GOBSKY. Sure, he gomes mine shop in vun dime aboud vun year ago, mit a dress on—(*laughter*)

MISS STINGER. What?

MR. GOBSKY. I say, he gomes mine shop in vun dime aboud vun year ago, mit a dress on his arm, und say—“Mr. Gobsky, I haf here vun dress, vun very vine dress, vich I would lige to eggschange for a

goot suid of glothes." I says, vot kind of a suid do you vant? mine vrent? Und he says, a peeziiness suid, und I say, yust led me eggssamine dot dress, so I dakes id und——

MISS STINGER. Well, Mr. Gobsky, was it a good dress? fit to wear to the theater or any place like that?

MR. GOBSKY. (*laughing*) Ha, ha! Vell, id might have been goot enough to vear to a "nigelodean barty" ha, ha!

MISS GUMMER. (*indignantly*) What do you know about a nickleodean, Sheeny Ben? I bet you never coughed up enough to see the inside of one. (*laughter*)

JUDGE. Order, order.

MISS STINGER. Go on.

MR. GOBSKY. I dakes der dress, und I say to him, yust bick yourselluf a suid oud of dis pile I have yust marged down from \$15.00 to \$1.49.

MISS STINGER. And he did so, did he?

MR. GOBSKY. Dit so? of *gourse* he dit so, mine cracious! *sugh* a pargain. (*holding up both hands*)

MISS STINGER. Would you recognize the dress you speak of if you should see it?

MR. GOBSKY. Sure, ad vunce.

MISS STINGER. (*undoing a bundle*) Is this it, Mr. Gobsky? (*showing rather gay affair*)

MR. GOBSKY. Id iss.

MISS STINGER. And could you recognize the suit also?

MR. GOBSKY. Off *gourse*.

MISS STINGER. (*holding up small boy's suit*) Is this the one?

MR. GOBSKY. Id iss, My! vat a *vine* suid (*raises hands, rolls eyes*) vat a *sagrifice* I mage ven I sells id. Yust think of id, \$1.49, for a suid of glothes lige that. Why, id vas de greatest pargain in der cidy.

MISS STINGER. Mr. Gobsky do you remember Mr.

Peck's having had any conversation with you at the time of this sale?

MR. GOBSKY. Yes, he said, "Hard dimes Mr. Gobsky, all der vay I can ged a suid to veear."

MISS STINGER. Well, wasn't that right? times *were* hard, were they not?

MR. GOBSKY. Hard vas no name for dose dimes. Vy, de only vay I gould sell goots ad all vas to gif dem away, so hellup me.

MISS STINGER. That's all, Mr. Gobsky, thank you.

MRS. HIBROW. I suppose you sold this dress again at *some* price, you exchanged a suit valued at one dollar and forty-nine cents, for the dress, making a profit on the suit of course, then you sold the dress for what? seven dollars? eight dollars? how much now?

MR. GOBSKY. Yah! I mage nottings, nottings, I do id for vriendshib, I had heard somedings about him and his vife——

MRS. HIBROW. Oh, well never mind, that's all.

MR. GOBSKY. (*rising*) I heard she wanted to be an aldervomans, and dook all his moneys for gambaign expenses——

MRS. HIBROW. (*angrily*) I said that would do. (MR. GOBSKY *stands down*)

MISS STINGER. (*laughing*) Your Honor, the defense rests.

MRS. HIBROW. Your Honor, and ladies of the jury, I am not disposed to insult your intelligence by enlarging upon the evidence which we have produced for your guidance in this case, for that evidence has been so clear, that evidence has been so conclusive and convincing, and has shown you so plainly the depths of moral turpitude to which this "Peck" this creature, who calls himself a man, has sunk, that it needs no words of mine to assist you in forming an opinion of his innate depravity, or to open your eyes to his total lack of even one of the *smallest* of those manly virtues which this gentle and delicate—this

refined and affectionate wife no doubt believed him to possess when she married him. A belief, however, which in the brief period of nineteen years, was doomed to a cruel and bitter death, as you have seen by the testimony which has been held up before your startled and horrified mental vision. But, I will ask you to bear me a few moments while I outline as it were upon the canvas of your minds, two pictures:—The one, a picture of the sweet serenity of conjugal love and domestic bliss, where the purling streams of sweet content run laughing over the sun-kissed sands of a happy and peaceful life of married felicity.—The other, alas, a picture of disillusionment and grief, where the storm clouds of discord and cruelty hover with black and threatening wings over the angry billows of inhuman barbarity, which roar and break upon the bleak and desolate shores of a shattered and wreck-strewn paradise. (*jury visibly affected*)

Imagine, if you will, a pair of young and tender souls filled with the sweet and glad surprise of early love, they set out upon the road of wedded life seeing nothing but the sunlight of happiness which seems to illumine the road far far ahead,—like little birds, they sing the songs of joy and gladness,—like butterflies, they flit from flower to flower,—like bees, they sip the honey that lurks in the sweet depths of every new experience. In course of time new shoots appear upon the family tree, they buy a perambulator—and while she remains at home, preparing her mind for the sterner duties which she finds life must soon thrust upon her, in the shape of political preferment,—*he* places the little shoots aforementioned in the newly-acquired vehicle and wheels them about the park, he also assists in the more homely domestic tasks, as every dutiful husband should, and all goes happy as a wedding bell.

But,—look for a brief moment upon the other picture,—after nineteen short and happy years the scene

changes, clouds obscure the canvas which we have just seen irradiated by the sunshine of love. The lightning of avarice flash their angry light, and dart their lurid tongues of fire above the road once beautiful under the smiling rays of pure affection, the thunders of oppression roll with terrible reverberations over the once lovely, but now blackened landscape, while the devastating torrents of cruelty and abuse drive screaming across the scene, obliterating in their course all traces of the beautiful blossoms of other days. (*very impressive*)

Who, I ask you, is responsible for this awful change from beauty to ugliness most hideous, from sweetest music to harshest discord. Who I repeat, is the cause of all this? Aye, who but *he*, this despicable defendant, (*pointing at PECK*) whose avarice led him to strip the garment from the back of a weak and defenceless wife and sell it for what? why, for clothing of the latest fashion for his own wear. This creature, who by refusing the pitiful sum of money for which his wife vainly pleaded, was guilty of the most flagrant oppression which a man can visit upon a woman. And lastly, this *Being*, who not content with all this, at last sinks so low that without remorse, and with malice aforethought he with brutal inhumanity seizes her in an iron grasp, and endeavors to beat out her brains with a feather duster. (*plaintiff and jury weep audibly*)

It is from this man, or rather, from this monster in human form, that we ask you to give us a divorce, and from whose miserable avarice we ask you to wring alimony in the sum of one thousand dollars per year, and whom by the weight of your just condemnation we ask you to consign to the darkest depths of that oblivion which should be the lot of all who like him thus trample under foot the sacred and inalienable rights of womankind. (*sits down*)

MRS. FREELINGHEISER. I motions we hang him.
JUDGE. That will do.

MISS STINGER. Your Honor, and ladies of the jury. In beginning my plea for my client I cannot refrain from voicing my professional pride in the fact that I am so fortunate as to be a fellow member of the bar association which boasts the possession of the distinguished advocate to whom we have just had the pleasure of listening, and whose lofty eloquence and polished diction, have brought the tears welling to your eyes. And which no doubt has been instrumental in appealing to those tender chords of sentiment and emotion upon which the natural orator so loves to play. But, while I gladly pay this tribute to one than whom a greater does not exist in our state to-day—at the same time I would seek to impress upon your minds the fact that professional pride, and eloquence—even of the most persuasive kind, are things apart from the case which you have before you at the present time, for, in the cold calm face of relentless *facts* they wither and disappear like tender plants before the pitiless onslaught of a Dakota blizzard. And it is to these facts I would draw your attention for a very brief time, by a short resumé of the evidence which has just been brought out on the witness stand. Before doing this, however, I want to say—that I am actuated only by a stern sense of duty and justice, for I would not have you think for a moment that I am in any way opposed to those principles which have in recent years prevailed to lift our former downtrodden sex up—up, to the lofty pinnacle of political eminence which it now enjoys, and which have at last placed it upon a higher plane of influence and activity than mere man could *ever* boast in his palmiest day of power. (*salvo of applause from everybody but the men*)

Ladies, I thank you (*bowing*) As you well know, in all political movements there are good and bad members of the body politic, unfortunately no less so under the present, than under the former regime, there always have been, and probably there always

will be, heelers and demagogues, to which class the plaintiff in this class belongs, her reputation in this district I am told is particularly notorious, and there is no trick in the trade at which she is an adept, that she has not used to assist her in stirring up the political pot and bringing to the surface the vile dregs of petty power and corruption. As we have shown you, she was running for the office of alderwoman at the time of this trouble in opposition to the candidate of the German-American Alliance, or coalition, who was a woman that is well and favorably known to everybody, none other in fact than a member of this jury which I have the honor to address, Mrs. Freelingheiser——

MRS. FREELINGHEISER. Yah, dot is richt, und she dried to gif me dot double cross——

MISS STINGER. (*laughing*) Yes, but you were too much for her, with the help of the respectable element in your ward. This woman needed money to finance her campaign, and as she told her neighbor Mrs. Pry, (*not thinking that she had another hearer*) "She must have this money, this one hundred dollars, and if that little shrimp of a Henry Peck did not shell out, or dig up, or some such slangy term, she would hammer it out of him"— Think of it! she would hammer it out of the man whom if reports are true, she had already impoverished to the extent that he was forced to exchange one of her cast-off dresses for a cheap suit of clothes wherewith to cover his shrinking form from the curious and embarrassing gaze of his friends and neighbors. We have shown you that she kept her word, for by her own reluctant admission under cross-examination she furiously assaulted defendant when he confessed his inability to comply with her extortionate demands, and he, as any one would have been under the circumstances, was perfectly justified in defending himself with the first weapon he could lay hands upon, which in this

instance happened to be a feather duster. A very deadly instrument of attack, as the learned counsel for the other side would have you believe. The evidence of Mr. Pry was conclusive, and the evidence of his wife—the lady who needed “eggs” so suddenly. (*laughter*) No less so, while the testimony of the Lovely girl proves sufficiently the assault of the plaintiff on defendant, and I ask you candidly if in the face of all these facts you can do anything else than render a verdict which shall deny the prayer of the plaintiff in every particular, and which shall result in acquitting this abused and innocent husband of the vile charges and aspersions which an unnatural wife has sought to cast upon him.

Ladies of the jury, I leave my client's case in your hands, confident that the light which shines from the sacred fires which burn upon your own domestic hearthstones will so illuminate the inner workings of your minds and your hearts, that the result will be a true and just verdict for defendant.

JUDGE. Ladies of the jury, this is a case in which the plaintiff asks for a divorce and alimony from defendant on the grounds of cruel and abusive treatment, also of insufficient financial support, I believe. You have heard the testimony of witnesses, and the arguments of counsel, and if you consider that sufficient evidence has been produced to substantiate plaintiff's claims, you will render your verdict accordingly, if on the other hand, you think the evidence is in favor of defendant, you will refuse the prayer of the plaintiff, and give a verdict in favor of defendant. Bearing in mind, of course, that the costs of court go with the verdict.

I would say, however, for your further instruction, that since *WE* have had control of the courts, the compromise style of verdict has been the prevailing style, and the one most favored by the leaders of fashions in the law, you may decide on this form of

verdict if you so elect, in which case, you will divide the costs. You will now take the case, Mrs. Diamond. We will appoint you forewoman.

MRS. SHUFFLE. The idea, *that* upstart.

JUDGE. You will have to deliberate where you are, as the jury room is in the hands of the painters and decorators who, under *my* instructions are doing the walls in a lovely scheme of ecru and pink. (*much chattering and noise in the jury box, which finally ends by their seeming to agree*)

MRS. DIAMOND. As many as are in favor of the verdict proposed by Mrs. Delaney, will please raise their right hands. (*unanimous agreement*)

JUDGE. What is the verdict?

MRS. DIAMOND. The verdict of the jury is—that as we deplore the increasing prevalence of divorce for trivial reasons, and as we believe there should be mutual concessions made in the present case—we recommend that the costs of court be placed on the county * and that the parties in this suit be directed by the court to return to their former relations; the wife promising to abstain from all indulgence in strong politics in the future, and the husband agreeing to wheel the children in the park, and assist in the various household duties usually performed by an obedient husband in this enlightened age.

JUDGE. You have listened to the verdict, which is heartily concurred in by the court; are you willing to abide by it?

MR. PECK. (*rising*) I am willing to be taken back, Marm. (*applause*)

JUDGE. Very sensible of you, I am sure, what says the plaintiff?

MRS. PECK. I am willing to give him *one more trial*. (*great applause*)

* The costs of court may be placed upon the manager of the entertainment.

JUDGE. Then it is so decreed. (Mr. and Mrs. PECK *rush into each other's arms*)

MR. PECK. BABY!!

MRS. PECK. HENNY!! (*wild applause*)

CURTAIN.

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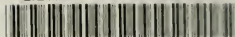
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